

# The Gypsies Lullaby

by Artemisia.lucreztia

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Summary: Merlin and Arthur encounter new adventures as a foreign Gypsy graces the court of Camelot. With her musical abilities and a little bit of wit, the gypsy hopes to survive in a kingdom where her kind does not last. Merlin/OC if you're into that.

## 1. Chapter 1

Merlin guided his horse along with Arthur's, tying them down in front of a tavern just outside of Camelot.

"I hope you're thirsty, Merlin, I for one can use a tankard of mead," Arthur straighten his leather vest and smoothed his breeches down.

"And remember," the prince turned to the servant, pointing a finger at his face, "I'm a peasant just like the rest, understood?" Merlin rolled his eyes, following the prince to the tavern.

Laughter was heard from outside the tavern, and when the doors were pulled open the smell of mead wafted and seemed to seep through the wooden construction.

Upon entering, the prince and servant sat among roguish men, slamming their hands and fist on the wooden tables in excitement.

"Just the place I want to be, Sire. Surrounded by vulgar songs and drunken men is heaven compared to tending you," Merlin smiled, taking a gulp of his mead.

"Very funny, Merlin,"

"I wasn't trying to be," Arthur rolled his eyes unbecomingly before turning his head at an outburst that made the whole tavern grow silent.

A large man entered the establishment, draped in old black leather and a face that has been through worse than anyone could imagine.

He approached a hooded figure in a dark cloak sitting in the farthest corner of the tavern. Merlin had not noticed the figure and they would have gone unnoticed if the leather man had not walked towards them with such force.

"Where is my money?" Roared the large man, slamming both fists on the wooden table. Merlin was convinced that if he had hit it any harder he would have turned it into a pile of splinters.

The hood slipped off the figure's head from the force, revealing a very angry woman. Merlin had never seen her around before, not in town, nor the local market, but he noticed how she was dressed, and he knew exactly what she was.

"I don't owe you money," She had replied calmly, looking him in the eye.

"You gypsy scum!" Yelled the large man, grabbing the woman by the cloak and pulling her face to face. Before he could do any damage, the gypsy had sliced him on the cheek with a dagger, setting herself free from his strong hold.

"Damn you to hell gypsy!" The ugly man stood up and charged at her, but Arthur quickly reacted, stopping him with a hand to his throat and a kick to the stomach.

"Leave this woman alone," commanded the prince as he pulled out his sword from the scabbard. Merlin stood beside the woman and only then could he see her beauty.

She turned to him with large gray eyes and glowing olive skin, smiling as if nothing happened. He watched as she slipped the dagger to a hilt strapped to her thigh and walked towards Arthur, unaware of his title.

"Thank you for the concern, sir, but your assistance will not be needed anymore," her accent was quite foreign, and it was obvious she was not from any of the 5 kingdoms.

The large man growled, resembling a hog, grabbing the gypsy by the wrist and pulling her roughly to his side. The young gypsy woman cried out, glaring up at the man.

"Our business," said the man, "is none of yours. So I suggest you turn around and find another damsel in distress," Merlin felt like a spectator, and before Arthur could point his sword at the larger man's throat, the sorcerer's eyes glowed gold, moving a barrel quickly behind the man, causing him to fall, bringing the gypsy down with him.

Merlin ran towards the gypsy girl, helping her up as Arthur picked up the man by the collar.

"As prince and future king of this realm, it is my business," Arthur proceeded to punch the man, hard, sending him flying to the ground again. The crowd began to whisper in awe at seeing their prince, for they have never even laid eyes on the king himself.

The gypsies' eyes widened and she froze after Arthur's confession, drawing back slowly, almost in fear. Gypsies weren't looked upon fairly by the crown and therefore mistreated by virtually everyone.

There was a long silence in the tavern as eyes followed the prince to the door.

"If anyone sees this man causing trouble again, notify the Knights of Camelot. We will protect you," the prince walked out the tavern with his manservant, head held high with pride, until he realized the gypsy woman had disappeared.

"Merlin, what of the gypsy?"

"I haven't a clue, Sire," Merlin said in equal confusion as she had escaped the both of them unnoticed.

"Well, it is of no importance. She was only a gypsy," Arthur said walking towards the horses. Merlin followed behind with a frown.

She was only a gypsy.

## 2. Chapter 2

Merlin hasn't seen or heard of the tavern gypsy since then, not that he had been hoping for an inclination of her existence. He assumed she kept hidden like the rest of the gypsy population in fear of magic accusations.

It was around the time of Prince Arthur's 23rd birthday and all of Camelot would be celebrating another year of the prince's life with a feast. King Uther intends to hire the best performers from all over the land to ensure that his son receives the best birthday celebration. This was to be done by testing the abilities of those who claim to be the best at their trade.

The King would not settle for less and decided that the royal family should make the judgements for themselves.

Merlin hated the celebration process, for it requires long hours of preparations and heeding every tedious demand of the crowned prince, as if the latter wasn't a regular routine. Merlin was also to be present during these trials as Arthur's shadow. So far, they were graced with the presences of poets, jugglers, acrobats and even an animal tamer. Although it was exciting to witness at first, the day drew long and he tired with Arthur pestering him for more wine and such.

But the last thing Merlin had expected to see was the gypsy who had been on his mind for quite sometime making an appearance in the great hall.

King Uther sat on his great throne, to his left the lady Morgana sat with her maidservant close by, and the prince sat to his right with Merlin behind.

In came the gypsy woman, more beautiful than Merlin remembered. Her

dark curls were not hidden under a cloak this time, cascading down her back. Her clothes were that of any ordinary peasant save for the jewels on her wrists and ankles.

The guards led her forward and each step she took resonated with the sound of bells and seemed as if she were dancing. What had entranced Merlin was the gypsies large eyes, the color of powerful storms, piercing and determined.

The young sorcerer glanced quickly at Arthur and saw the prince was equally as shocked. Arthur watched her movements carefully as his eyes did not stray for a second. She swept into a clumsy bow, for she had no need for formalities.

Uther beckoned her closer as soon as she assumed proper posture, interested that a gypsy had no fear in facing the King of Camelot.

"It is quite clear of where your origins lay," Uther had spoken immediately as the young woman reached as close as she was allowed.

"You are a gypsy, without a doubt," His voice held slight disgust, a universal reaction.

"Until the day I die, Majesty," was her reply, her accent quite apparent. This made the king quite interested, and Merlin worried his assumptions would get the better of him and accuse the woman of witchcraft.

"Tell me gypsy, what is your name and from where do you hail?"

"My name is Adriana, Majesty. I come from Spain," Uther nodded impressed, for no one had graced his courts from such a foreign power, although this gypsy was far from a proper guest.

"My, you are quite far from home," Morgana had interjected, smiling as she was fascinated with the exotic woman.

"Why did you leave Spain?" Arthur suddenly spoke up, crossing his arms and staring down at the woman he had saved those weeks ago. The prince suspected she was a fugitive. Merlin looked towards the gypsy and noticed how the khol surrounding her eyes only helped to make her more mysterious. Her eyes held many stories, he knew.

"Many of us escaped persecution, Majesty. It was either flee or die. I chose to live," Adriana's hands remained at her sides and she did not reveal an ounce of nervousness or fear. Everyone present in the great Hall knew she was fearless.

"And you chose to come to Camelot, of all kingdoms?" Uther continued. Merlin felt as if it were an interrogation instead of an auditioning, but Adriana did not reveal an ounce of discomfort.

"Many opportunities lie in your kingdom, Majesty. I came here to live, and I am not afraid," Uther, nodded, content with her response and waved his hand aimlessly in the air.

"Very well, gypsy, where do your talents lie? Illusions? Fortune telling, witchcraft?" His tone became slightly exaggerated when he

mentioned witchcraft, and Adriana fought the urge to roll her eyes viciously, but she settled her temper. Although he wasn't half wrong in assuming that, for she had inherited the skill of reading fortunes, she was in no way a sorceress.

"No, Majesty, I do not dabble in those arts. I am a musician," she motioned towards the guard that held a fiddle in his gloved hands. He had took it away from her, thinking she was a threat at court, handing it back most unwillingly.

Merlin smiled at Adriana, hoping to give of a sense of encouragement, for it was as if he sensed hesitation. She glanced at him, and smiled back softly, saying much more with emotion than with words.

"Very well," Said the king, "Play your song."

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